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THE WOMAN'S DREADNOUGHT

Published by the East London Federation of the Suffragettes.

Edited by SYLVIA PANKHURST.

No. 21. SATURDAY, AUGUST 8TH, 1914. PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23rd, Great Demonstration

At EAST INDIA DOCK GATES, Poplar, 4 p.m.

Speakers:

Miss SYLVIA PANKHURST, JOHN SCURR, Mrs. WALKER, Mrs. DRAKE and others.

THIS WEEK'S MEETINGS.

Sunday, Aug. 9th, 3 p.m.—Victoria Park—Mrs. Bouvier.
8 p.m.—Bow, The Women's Hall, 400 Old Ford Road.
Monday, Aug 10th, 3 p.m.—Bow, The Women's Hall—Member's Meeting.
8 p.m.—Bow, The Women's Hall, Speakers Class.
8 p.m.—Custom House, "Peacock," Freemason's Road—Miss Feek.
8.30 p.m.—South Hackney, Swiss Cottage,—Mrs. Walker.
Tuesday, Aug. 11th, 2.30 p.m.—Hackney, 30 Churchill Road.
8 p.m.—Poplar, East India Dock Gates—Mrs. Bouvier.
8 p.m.—Limehouse, Burdett Rd., and Coutts Rd.—Mrs. Walker.
Wednesday, Aug. 12th, 8 p.m.—Poplar, 319 East India Dock Rd.—Miss A. Lynch.
8 p.m.—Chrisp St. & Charles St., Bromley.—Mrs. Walker.
8 p.m.—Bow, Obelisk—Mrs. Bouvier.
Thursday, Aug. 13th, 3 p.m.—319 E. India Dock Rd., Poplar—Women's Meeting.
8 p.m.—Canning Town, 124 Barking Rd.
8 p.m.—Bromley, Knapp Rd.
Friday, Aug. 14th, 8 p.m.—Beckton Rd., Canning Town.
8 p.m.—Piggott St., Poplar.
8 p.m.—The Women's Hall, Bow—Members' meeting.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

There will be a General Meeting of members of the East London Federation of the Suffragettes on Tuesday, August 11th, at the Women's Hall, Old Ford Road, Bow, at 8 p.m. Every member should make a point of being present. Only members of the E. L. F. S. will be admitted. Matters of the greatest importance will be discussed.

THE DUBLIN MASSACRE.

It is a beautiful city of broad spacious ways with fine Georgian houses, solid and dignified in their rich simplicity. The red brick has grown dark and sombre, over everything there hangs the shadow of decay.

The poorest of poor people live in the grand old mansions, a family to every room. The many broken panes of glass are mended with brown paper, the ironwork of balconies and fanlights is never painted, it rusts and rots away. Playing on the broad flights of steps that lead to handsome doorways are lovely well-limbed children, clad in the scantiest of rags.

Down by the Liffey, near the Metal Bridge, on the wall of a house at the corner of Lower Liffey Street, are some rough markings in white chalk and a little round shallow hole that seems as though it might well have been scraped out of the stone by a child with a rusty nail. That little hole was made by a soldier's bullet and the chalk markings are a roughly drawn cross and the letters R.I.P., for it was here that Mrs. Duffy was shot dead. Those were the only outward remembrances I saw of last Sunday's massacre, except that once I met a small company of soldiers marching along with gleaming bayonets fixed to their guns.

Near Fairview on the outskirts of Dublin where the encounter between the Nationalist Volunteers and the Police and the Scottish Borderer's took place is Addison Road and in one of the new workman's houses there lives Mrs. Rowan, whose daughter Mary was shot.

A little boy about ten years old opened the door and showed me into the parlour, politely asked me sit down and called his "mamma." She was a tall thin woman, grey haired and very neatly dressed. Her voice was very soft and full of music. She spoke of the shooting, still as though half-dazed with shock: "She was just coming along from the Park," she said, "only a girl going to school. A young girl that is beginning to do for herself and to think for herself." She told me that she thought her daughter was shot in the ankle but the hospital authorities would not let her ask many questions. She was only allowed to see the girl for a few moments each day. She was told that she was doing well but that she would probably have to have an operation. "But it's she that keeps us all lively the little thing," the mother said, her voice full of affection. "I see her for a few minutes every afternoon, and in the morning I find out how she is on the wire."

"They say it will put many against the soldiers," she added. "But I suppose we must forgive them." I wondered if she had said that because she recognized my English voice and did not want to hurt.

The milkman came to the door as we were talking and two of her little sons, eager to help their "mammy" in her trouble came running to bring the jug and to take it out of her hands when it was filled and carry it below.

A child of ten shot.

The parents of ten year old Luke Kelly who was shot in the back, lived at 18 Marlborough Street, a dingy road of shops, in a wretched tenement with a separate family living in every room. Mrs. Kelly is a weary little woman crippled with rheumatism.

A man dressed in rough working clothes who had been unshaven for many days sat at the back of the room with bowed head, another was pacing up and down. A young girl, perhaps fifteen years of age, with fair hair sat on a bench by the door. She turned her pretty face and big blue eyes to me once, then hung her head and went on drawing imaginary figures in the dust.

The mother spoke, heavy with shock, the little boy went out to play in the Park, she counted him safe there. They sent to tell her he was shot. The priest was giving him the Sacrament when she got to the hospital. He told her there was little hope. She saw the boy for a moment. He was lying in bed very ill. He cried and they hurried her away. She had not seen him since. He was her only boy. "I buried the other," she said, "only six weeks ago." There had been a fire in the middle of the night, and she called my attention to the bare floor and few sticks of furniture. "It was all at the back of us. We ran for our lives."

The brother of the little boy now lying in hospital caught cold and died of inflammation of the lungs.

The mother's words went back again and again to the shooting. "I thought he was safe in the Park. I'm always saying to him: 'you come down from that pillar,' but he said he was going with some other little boys to play with a little ball." The man who was walking up and down joined in, 'Only a little boy, you can't keep a little boy from running anywhere.'"

As we were leaving, a woman with two babies in her arms, another that seemed scarcely older dragging to her skirts, and a little boy of eight following two steps behind came down from the rooms above. "I am Mrs. Keog," she said. "My husband was shot. He's left five of us behind." She was sent for to the hospital on Sunday night but she had not been allowed to see her husband, except for a moment on the night of the shooting. He had been shot in the thigh. She had been granted an advance of 5s. on her husband's National Health Insurance money. She said "You're entitled to 10s., but you can't have it for 14 days.

WHOM WAR THREATENS.

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WAR—AT HOME AND ABROAD.

From one of the little roads, Gardner Street Middle, sloping down hill to a far pale, classic building, clustering domed and columned, softly grey, runs a mean unpaved by-street. On one side of it are blank walls and tips for rubbish, on the other a row of cottages. Two women, in clothes of that nameless dingy dusty colour, that very old stuff almost always turns at last, were sitting on a doorstep. We stopped to ask them the number of Mrs. Quinn's house. A chubby faced girl of twelve, with fat legs and hair short like a boy's, called to us waggishly "Is it me you want?" but the other children guessed our errand and ran in front of us to point the number out.

"You killed my father."

The front door of the cottage opened right into the little sitting room which was poorly furnished but clean and well kept. A gentle, frail, fair girl with a stricken look in her wan eyes, told us that it was her father who was shot. She had persuaded her mother to go away for the day to see a relative. Her younger sister, aged twenty, was ill in bed upstairs, she had had a pain under her heart ever since that tragic Sunday of the shooting. She was worse to-day. The elder sister and a friend who was with her told us that they had given her bovril and put hot poultices on her side. They would get a doctor to see her on Tuesday when the dispensary would be open. This was Bank Holiday and it "might be expensive" to call another doctor in.

The girl in bed had a quick irregular pulse, her face was flushed and covered with beads of perspiration. The anxious elder daughter explained that the younger had gone to the mortuary to identify her father, but had been too shocked to look at him. The elder had run to find her mother and tell her what had happened. "But" she said "I broke it to her wrong and she went nearly mad in the road. She kept crying and crying and could not sleep. Yesterday we were praying for her to sleep." The last night she had slept at last and had wakened better. The frail little elder daughter explained that she was now the only breadwinner and that she had only just recovered from an illness. The girl in bed was very deaf and for that reason had always stayed at home and had only helped her mother in the house.

"We cannot believe it. Every moment we expect to see him," the elder daughter said. She brought us the father's photograph to show us what a fine big man he was.

"Oh he was a good father to us," she said, "the best of fathers. He gave every penny of his wages to my mother, and we never had to buy so much as a pocket handkerchief for him! Why should you be working? Am I not earning? he used to say to me."

He belonged to a club in which all the members paid all the year round towards a Bank Holiday excursion into the country followed by an all night dance. "You're getting young again, father, going to all night dances, we said to him." He had gone out to get his ticket for the holiday and to see what the arrangements were to be, and as he came home he had met the crowd of people and the soldiers and had been shot dead.

"Yesterday I saw the soldiers marching past and I shook my hand at them, I said 'You killed my father!' but they only laughed at me," the daughter said. She looked at us with her wan young face and stricken eyes.

In a fine old house in Lower Buckingham Street, now let off in tene-

(continued on page 82, col. 4.)

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The

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No. 21.—Saturday, Aug. 8th, 1914.

Bravely and willingly we bear our share of the World's burdens. Why, then, deny us the right to Vote, which would dignify our labour and increase our Power of Service.

GOING TO WAR.

What Women can do.

As our cab crossed the O'Connell Bridge on its way to the night boat, we began to see crowds of people gathering, and as we went on, past Liberty Hall and along the wide way by the river side, the stream of people thickened, until we could scarcely make our way. Many times we were stopped by the press of numbers pushing by.

Behind and before us were many other vehicles in like case. On a jaunting car, close in front of us a young woman clung to a man and wept. A big covered motor van, manned by soldiers, was endeavouring to clear a way for itself to make a start.

It was not a pleasant crowd, not light hearted or enthusiastic. Small sections of it occasionally sent up a faint cheer, but most of its members were of sombre spirit, some anxious to get to the station, some, perhaps, merely curious to see. They seemed irritable and inclined to anger.

In the dense mass of people near the station a short thick set old man, in seaman's clothes, with wild curling red grey beard and hair, suddenly appeared clinging to the cab door and assumed control of us. Presently he told us to get out and taking a bag in either hand, began to try to force a way for us through the crowd.

How the Dublin Reservists went.

Thousands of people were pushing towards the big wooden door into the station. Men were shouting and fighting, women were crying piteously. "Johnny, Johnny, Johnny," I heard one woman wailing, and others: "Don't let them through, don't let them through."

There was fierce fighting close to the big door and in a moment it was shut. We were swept on with a surging mass of people into the middle of the road. A band of big policemen came rushing on us pushing every one before them and shouting: "get back! get back!" I pleaded with them to let me through to the boat. "We can't help ourselves, the boys are here" they said, pushing again, but afterwards they relented and let us through to a quieter space on the other side of their ranks. Here was another door into the station, but it was fast shut and knocking brought no answer.

Meanwhile the crowd fought on round the main doorway which was only opened for a few minutes at a time. There was a barrier on either side of it and over this men kept climbing, striking and pushing at each other. Some of the men seemed to be trying to reach the station, some merely to be threading their way through and through the rest. Here and there in the press a couple of men were wrestling with each other, kicking and striking and sometimes falling to the ground. A large proportion of the men were drunk.

After a time the old porter suggested that we should go to the station hotel and ask to be let into the station by way of a covered connecting bridge overhead. We struggled across there, only to find the hotel door locked. No one would open to our ringing, although there were lights within.

There was nothing for it but to keep trying for the main gate and at last, by pushing and pleading and perseverence and the pressure of those behind, we got through.

The Women wept.

Inside the station was another mass of jostling and confusion. Hundreds of excited young soldiers were pushing against the door to keep the people out. Masses of men were waiting at the booking counters for their tickets. Most of them had been drinking. Many were staggering about helplessly drunk.

The steps leading to the quay were packed with men, some struggling upward, as we were, some too drunk to care whether they stood where they were or went up or down. As we halted in the press at the boat side, a woman leaning against the wall beside me was weeping and shaking with her grief. Many other women stood by, sad eyed, and faces wet with tears.

The decks were crowded, a few women, many men—young soldiers in their uniform, older reservists in civilian dress.

Soon we were off. The men on land were waving and cheering, the men on board were cheering and waving back. As we moved further off, we could see that the quays and the vessels moored alongside, all the way to the far outskirts of the town, were densely packed with people, who cheered and waved and waved and cheered. Our ship's siren screamed and hooted wildly, and an answering wailing met us from every ship we passed

The men going out to fight on board us cheered and sang all the voyage through.

Barbarous War.

So they went off to war. Europe indeed is "rattling back" to the barbarism that should be past and gone. It is many years since the machinery for settling international disputes was created, but arbitration has not even been attempted, although the old brutal methods of murder and pillage have become infinitely more terrible with the growth of latter day implements of war. Our foreparents suffered generations of persecution to win for the men of our country the forms of democratic Government, but these are discarded and our people are plunged into war with as little choice or fore-knowledge as is allowed to those who live under the most absolute of the old despotisms.

Sir Edward Grey told Parliament that this country would lose no more by joining the war than if she stood aside. He was considering only the commercial interests involved, but those women who wept as the soldiers set off from Dublin were sorrowing for the wastage of human life.

Poor women; it is they who will bear the harder part of the suffering without the excitement and adventure that helps the fighters to face war!

All the women of the world need votes. They need a powerful voice in moulding the policy of nations. To-day all the women's organisations of the World call for peace, but the men-made Governments of Europe rush heedless on to war.

We must have Food.

Already the food is going up to famine prices. Women need political power to see that, as far as may be, the food of the people is secured. Women must spend the scanty wages, when there are any; must strive and strive, somehow or other, to keep the wolf of starvation from their doors. Many will fail. We hardly know what this most awful war is going to mean to us.

We must have the vote now. We must have a share in ending, if we can, and in minimising, if we cannot end, the horrors into which the governing men of Europe have plunged us!

A Woman's Charter.

Dear women, are you prepared to go on tamely starving as though you and your children do not matter? The men in power have plunged us into war for their commercial interests. They pass Bills in the interests of financiers. What will they do for you? Demand not paltry doles but adequate food for the children of poor mothers in this time of crisis. Demand that our Government shall take over the entire food supply of the country and distribute the food in the interests of all the people. Let us demand this in order that all of us may share in equal measure, and feed or starve without respect to worldly wealth.

Women, let us demand the power to insist on these things! Let us refuse to submit to go on starving tamely.

Let us proclaim the "No Vote, No Rent" strike until we have won this charter of two points:—

(1) The food supply to be controlled by the Government in the interests of us all.

(2) Votes for Women, in order that the mothers and sisters of the nation may aid as citizens, in averting the miseries of war.

E. SYLVIA PANKHURST.

FOR PEACE.

Two large anti-war meetings have been held during the past week. On Sunday a vast meeting was convened in Trafalgar Square, and the enthusiasm was such that even very heavy rain failed to disperse the crowds. The resolution passed called upon the Government to take no part in the European conflict and upon working men of other nations not to kill one another without cause. During the afternoon handbills were given out announcing a mass meeting of women on Tuesday night at the Kingsway Hall to denounce the war.

The Women's Meeting was representative of all classes and many nationalities. Among the speakers were Madame Rosika Schwimmer from Hungary, Madame Gellrich of Germany, Madame Malmberg from Finland, and Madame Thoumaian from Switzerland. Of the English speakers Mrs. Barton from Sheffield made a most stirring speech. Women needed political power *and* the sense to use it. Miss Mary MacArthur dwelt on England's dishonour in letting children starve in the midst of plenty in time of peace. Her boasted "greatness" was built up on poverty and degradation. Dr. Marion Phillipps drew attention to the Government's commandeering of railways and provisions for the forces. If that could be done, drastic measures could and must be taken for the relief of women and children. The meeting was extremely enthusiastic and thoroughly democratic; one felt strongly, however, that if the Labour Party, whose rank and file had filled Trafalgar Square on Sunday, had forced the Government to grant Votes to Women when it had the opportunity, the weight of public opinion of the whole electorate might have averted the war.

FARM STRIKES SETTLED.

MEN'S DEMANDS GRANTED AND HARVESTING RESUMED.

Both in the North Essex and in the Herefordshire areas the farm labourers dispute has been settled.

In face of the national crisis the farmers have agreed to the men's demands.

In North Essex £8 will be paid for the harvest and 15s. per week will be the normal minimum wage. The strikers will all be re-instated. Work will be resumed to-day.

In Herefordshire there is only one outstanding dispute, and Mr. Box (organiser of the Workers' Union) is visiting Leintwardine to-day in hopes that this may be arranged.

FUTILE LIES.

In reply to the letter of five Free Church ministers on forcible feeding, the Prime Minister wrote on July 10th: "It [forcible feeding] has never been used as a deterrent or for any purpose except to preserve the life and *health* of the prisoner" (the italics are ours).

In conjunction with this we print part of the statement of Miss Maude Edwards who has been treated in the same way as Miss Gordon:

"That afternoon, at five o'clock, I was again fed in the same way (by the stomach pump). The following day the doctor told me that I should be *an invalid for life* if I still continued."

Comment is unnecessary.

Mr. T. G. Cree, writing from the Church House, Westminster, to the *Church Times*, appeals for £4,000 for another rescue home or children of tender years, and tells of one case of a little girl of 10½ years, who was received into the Croydon Maternity Rescue Home.

(*Continued from page* 81.)

ments, we saw the parents of James Brennan, the youth who was killed.

He had heard the people shouting and had run out without his cap to see what was the matter.

The family had lived in a single room in the front of the house, but the mother told us that she was busy moving into a smaller room at the back, because she could not afford to pay the rent now that the dead son's wages were withdrawn. Her eldest son was out of work and she had several younger children.

The husband was employed in the Custom's House. He was paid £1 a week. He stayed away from work three days until after his son's funeral and, because of this, 11s. was docked from his wages and he was made to write an explanation of his conduct! What incredible meanness on the part of a Government whose servants have wantonly killed a poor man's son!

The inquest.

On Tuesday, August 4th, I went to the inquest on the victims of the shooting outrage. No crowd had collected ourside, only a solitary policeman stood at the door. Less than a dozen persnns, all of whom were probably relatives of the dead persons, sat in the seats set apart for spectators. (A Town Councillor procured a seat for me). Only one reporter sat at the Press table.

The young soldiers whose guns and ammunition proved that they had fired on the crowd, sat together in Court waiting to give their evidence.

Mere boys they were. Small and of poor physique beside the big police.

The jury perhaps felt their youth for in their verdict they refrained from placing upon them the responsibility of the outrage, and in saying that Mrs. Duffy and the others were killed by bullets fired from rifles by members of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, whose identities had not been established, they added:—

"We strongly condemn the action of the military in firing on unarmed citizens, and are of opinion that the circumstances existing at the time did not justify such action,"

and they urged that—

"as the military were illegally on the streets the Government ought to compensate the relatives."

On Wednesday, August 5th, the day after the coroner's inquest, two resolutions were set down for debate at a special meeting of the Dublin City Council. The first was to be moved by Thomas Kelly, a member of the Sinn Fein Party and four Labour Members. It said:—

"We are of opinion that for the future immunity of our unarmed citizens from such outrages it is necessary to have more responsible persons in charge of the British armed forces in this City, and we, therefore, request the recall of Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Augustin Birrell."

The second resolution stood in the name of the Lord Mayor, and called for—

"The dismissal of the permanent officials of Dublin Castle who were responsible, either by direct action or by negligence, for the calling out of the military."

When the roll was called it was found that not twenty members were present; therefore, there was no quorum, and the Council must adjourn for the day. Immediately afterwards numbers of members who had been waiting outside, in order to prevent a quorum, flocked in to triumph at having prevented the discussion. Miss Harrison, the one woman member of the Council, was heard to declare that the roll call had been taken too soon, the clock in the Council chamber being eight minutes fast. Mr. Kelly called out on the callousness of the members who had refused to discuss the resolutions: "You give the victims a beautiful funeral but that is all," he said. Other members stood up and tried to shout him down, whilst one of them said he wished to repudiate the members who had attempted to criticise the Government at such a time.

Three persons killed and thirty injured count little in time of war. But the stricken families of the dead have had a foretaste of what the great war will soon mean to many homes.

A. E. WAKEFIELD, 259 Old Ford Road, Grocer.—General Stores.—Goods of best quality. Clubs held.

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE.

TORTURED WOMEN

What Forcible Feeding means.

A PRISONER'S TESTIMONY.

The following Letter is from Miss Mary Richardson, a Suffragist prisoner, who after a period of forcible feeding was suddenly released from Holloway Gaol suffering from acute appendicitis. Miss Richardson has since undergone an operation. In her letter she tells of her own experience and the experiences of the other women whom she left behind her in prison.

When I mention those in Holloway it seems as if I should make the sign of the Cross or else some other symbolic recognition of their worth and my reverence for them. But I will be modern and practical, and instead endeavour to be like unto them eternally.

I was next to Grace Roe since her conviction and had frequent conversations with her. She suffers extremely from pain in her nose, throat and stomach all day and night, says she feels as if the tube were always in her body. That mentally this is telling on her and she sometimes feels as if something would crack in her brain.

She anticipates an utter collapse after her release. She is very thin, so thin she can be in no position without positive pain in her bones. She is frightfully anæmic, her gums are chalk white, and indeed her whole face is.

She is fed nasally although they torture her with two tubes, juggling one up her nose and one down her throat simultaneously, and using the one that goes down first (usually the nasal tube) for feeding purposes. She chokes and coughs and utters most piteous little moans, so piteous that I cannot get them out of my left ear and have stuffed it with cotton wool to try and help me.

She has never taken her clothes off or gone to bed and lies on top of the bed day and night. Marvellous fervour, although her voice is very weak she still encourages the others from her cell window.

Nellie Hall is next her in No. 8. She is weaker, suffering with bad pain in the throat, ears and eyes.

At right angles in the same wing is Miss Ansell wonderfully plucky. She has been very bad for three days and unable to leave her bed. Extreme pain with every breath, in her heart.

They have offered her mustard plasters and wool, etc., but she refuses all. She is so thin her petticoat falls off her when fastened.

Next her is Mary Spencer also weaker and thinner. She is fed three times a day.

Next to her is Florence Tunks, she has lost 27½lbs., has had two teeth broken, is generally exhausted and cannot stand without giddiness for more than a few minutes.

In wing C. Within calling distance is Hilda Birkett, who is very weak now. She has lost a stone, she is sick after each feeding, has been fed four times a day for over a fortnight at 9, 12, 4 and 8 o'clock.

The others I did not get in touch with.

As you know, the worst fight is now raging in Holloway Infirmary, that Inferno of an Infirmary. Many of the wardresses have become brutalised. There are always two doctors to feed, one to manipulate the gags and one to force down the tube. The tubes, both nasal and throat, are larger and stiffer than previously, and consequently more painful, they are so stiff that they actually lacerate the throat when they curl up as they do frequently. I felt as if I should go mad, and found relief in bashing my head against the wall, so much so that the wardresses continually remarked on the black and blue marks and lumps on my forehead.

My suffering was still greater after they had tortured my mouth and gums.

They fed me five weeks by the nose and at the end of that time my nose what they called "bit" the tube, and it would not pass into the throat even though they bent and twisted it into all kinds of shapes. Instead, it went up to the top of my nose and seemed to pierce my eyes, so terrible was the pain of it.

Then they forced my mouth open by inserting their fingers and cutting my gums at the extremity, and the lining of my cheeks. The doctor did the left side and the wardresses the right, both at once, and when I was blind and mad with pain they drove in two large gags.

Then the tubes followed and they pressed my tongue down with their fingers and pinched my nose to weaken the natural, and also the purposeful, resistance of my throat. My mouth bled and also my throat at times. I asked them to go back to my nose for **one day,** to rest my cut mouth, but "no, the throat was quicker," so on with the torment.

I grew bad abdominally on Saturday and began to be sick. At times I had a fearful pain that crumpled my body up like a leaf. This was aggravated by bruises received over the appendix by the elbows of the wardresses who lay across my body during the feeding process.

"They fed me through the nose for five weeks, then my nose what they called 'bit' the tube, that was their expression. Instead of passing through into the throat, the tube went up into the top of my nose and injured my right eye, the nerves of my right eye, I suppose it came in contact with some nerves up there. They then began feeding me through the mouth, one doctor used to put his finger through the extreme end of the left side of my jaw, and cut me; and the wardress put her finger through the right side of my jaw at the same time—so that between the two my lips were nearly torn.

"The last few days they were more careful, because I think they knew I was coming out.

"I was covered with bruises. I was not there ten days before I had 107 bruises and eleven cuts on me. They gave me over a quart of food twice a day. This is quite accurate, because they left the jug in the cell one day and I measured it. A quart a time twice a day, so that we all suffered very much.

"I suffered extremely with my eyes, and from pains in my ears—the tube probably upset the nerves. My mouth bled several times, and of course, the more they cut my mouth the worse it got.

"I asked them to go back to the nose one day to give my mouth a chance to heal. They said it was much quicker to feed through the mouth and would not go back to the other way.

"They tried different ways this time, of tickling me, which had never been done before. They used to hold my head back by my hair.

"During the hunger strike I had pains in my legs and arms, I suppose from lack of nourishment.

"I had bruises over the appendix, which, I am told, would have killed any ordinary person, this was from the wardresses elbows; they used to lie on me and put their elbows into me.

"I had three beds in Holloway. The legs of two of the beds broke, because of the wardresses lying on me, so they had a specially strong bed, which they said cost twice as much as the others, brought in, so they could get ten of them on it at once. The doctor used to sit on the bed.

"The Chaplain, I understand, has given up visiting Suffragettes entirely—never goes near them now.

"They forcibly fed me the second day after I went in. I began to be sick last Saturday, and to suffer extreme pain in my appendix—awful pain, I never had anything like it—it was withering pain, as one might say. On Sunday I was sick again and very ill, and my nails were very blue. I asked them not to give me such a large quantity of food, as it increased my pain greatly. They made no reduction, and said they would give me the usual quantity. On Monday, Dr. Forward told me that I was to be released in about an hour's time, and that I was not to communicate with or tell any of the others that I was being released. But, of course, they knew. I had already told Miss Roe that I might go out on the following day, and she sent a message to her father telling him not to worry, and that he was to do *nothing*, because he had sent her in a letter, wanting her to give an undertaking that she would not be Militant any more. She was indignant, and so afraid lest her father should do anything which might seem as though she were even dreaming of compromise."

They nearly choked Miss Richardson one day. The rubber came off one of the gags. She says. "A piece of thick rubber about two inches long got into my throat. They still went on feeding me, and the rubber went down my throat. I nearly choked, but, although they noticed that I was choking, they went on with the feeding—did not stop. The rubber stuck in my throat for several hours afterwards. They got frightened about it afterwards, brought me hot water to drink, and fussed about it very much. The rubber went down into my stomach and caused me great pain."

I do not wish to harrow you unnecessarily but I thought a full account would give you a more exact impression than a short one.

I undergo the operation to-morrow at 9.30. If you only knew how I long to do something to stop the suffering of those who are still in Prison!

IN THE LABOUR MARKET.

The women laundry workers of Liverpool and district have won their strike. A 55 hour week and a 2 o'clock stop on Saturdays has been agreed to by both sides. It has also been agreed that girls of 14 shall receive a minimum wage of 4s. a week, rising to 13s. at 21 years; washerwomen day workers shall receive a minimum of 2s. 6d. a day; boys of 14 shall receive 6s. a week, rising to 25s. at 21 years; enginemen and firemen shall have 30s. at 21; vanmen 26s. a week for 1-horse, and 30s. for 2-horse van.

These concessions still leave a miserably low scale of wages, especially for the women. Why should a boy of 14 years earn more than a girl? There is no question of paying a small boy more than a girl because he has to support a wife and family! Many a woman over 21, who is receiving 13s., little more than half a man's wage, may be a widow with children dependent on her. It is most necessary that the value of women's labour should be recognised by a much higher standard of remuneration.

The women laundry workers at Sheffield have won their strike.

Ada Wakefield, aged 15 years, was employed at a well-known clothing factory in Bow for nine months, at a wage of 3s. 8d. a week. At the end of this time her wages were raised to 5s. 2d., and during the first week after the rise she had the misfortune to break a flask that was in the workroom; 2s. were deducted from her wages on account of this, and, at the same time, she was scolded so continuously for the accident that she at last said: "I had rather be in hell than work here." She was discharged for using bad language.

It is a very common and cruel practice in factories to employ young girls, who soon become quite useful, at a miserably small wage, and then to dismiss them either for some trivial fault, or often for no fault, as soon as they begin to ask for a rise in wages. Other young girls are then taken on in their places. The older girls are thus thrown out of work, and do not know where to turn to gain employment. This one fact is enough to show the grievous mismanagement of industry and the exploitation of women's labour. It proves the urgent need for women to have the vote.

"A bag worker" complains that women employed in bag-work work from 8 a.m. until 6 p.m. for 1s. 6d. a day, or 2d. an hour. In doing this work many women are engaged in loading and unloading carts with hundreds of bags, weighing from ¼ to ¾ cwt. "A bag worker" says, pathetically, "I think we ought to get 3d. an hour on day work and loads, and all hands start at 8.30 a.m. and knock off at 5.30 p.m., and 12.30 p.m. on Saturday. This is 44 hours, which is long enough, as those of us who have families have to get the children out for school before we leave our houses in the morning, and when we get home at night we have to set about our washing and housework."

That a worker should fix her demand at 3d. an hour shows how pitiably low women themselves have come to rate the value of their own work. "A bag worker" continues: "We have seen the men's wages risen and their hours reduced, and nothing has been done for us women workers."

It is time indeed that women had the vote and the power to mould the conditions under which they are obliged to pass their lives.

POLICE WOMEN NEEDED.

Liverpool has appointed one woman police constable, and the Liverpool Select Vestry, on July 21st, carried a resolution to the effect that women should be appointed as police officers in all populous centres.

THE BURSTON REBELLION.

T. G. Higdon.

One remarkable feature of this village revolt is the active and intelligent part taken by the women. This was noticeable long before the school strike commenced, when as mothers, they hailed the spirit of the youngsters with delight, and daily picketed the school gates. As long ago as March, 1913, when the labourers of Burston made up their minds to stand with their Labourers' Union Schoolmaster, Mr. T. G. Higdon, and oust the old Parish Council from office, which they did, several women congregated outside awaiting the result of the election, about which they were most enthusiastic. Housing, footpaths, bridges, and tyranny of parson, squire and farmer were the chief items of consideration dealt with in a public spirit refreshing to see and feel in a village community.

The old ecclesiastic and landholding cabinet sat round the Council table quite prepared to go on as usual, but they looked somewhat surprised when presently about thirty labourers entered the schoolroom. Still who could suppose for a moment that they had come to vote against their masters? Yet, practically the whole village had planned this very thing, women and girls equally with men and boys, and that so quietly that the old Council had not heard a word of it, though even little children were sitting up late that night awaiting Father's return from the Parish Meeting to hear the result of the election. Ere the meeting had progressed far the glum faces of the old "aristocracy" told the tale, one only of their number, who was considered not to be a "bad sort" by some of the moderates, creeping in at the tail end of the list. But it was largely a women's victory. Many of them had fussed up their husbands, and other women's husbands, to go to the meeting to vote for the "Skule-maister,"—while the Skule-maister himself had said he would have nothing more to do with Parish Council elections, having already been dismissed from one school as a result of so doing. But his wife made him, and again he came out top of the list of the elected, with a similar result, as regards dismissal, later on. The day after the election he was told that his opponents "were going to get their own back," while a few weeks later one of the defeated candidates was reported as having said of him "the b——'s never consulted me about the Parish Council election"! Why should Mr. Higdon and his wife consult him? Did he not know all about it? Was he not there with his nomination paper already filled up? Was it not rather for consulting and consorting with the labourers that this gentleman's wrath was evoked? The inevitable clerical disfavour also soon became apparent and an effort was made to oust the "leader of the Rebellion" from the village in which his vocation and his living lay—starve though he might.

The Schoolmaster's wife was described as "a very dangerous woman." Suffragist and socialist opinions are labelled "dangerous" with some cause by those who flourish in the present corrupt state of society.

Public spirited and patriotic countrymen and women must be allowed no part or lot, no voice or vote, in the administration of the laws of their country—not even in a Parish Council election—except it be to vote for parson, squire or farmer. But this slanderous intimidation will not do for the women of Burston any more than for the men—they are all out for votes, and for the place and power that votes rightly used will give them. The boys and girls of Burston too have caught the same spirit. Consequently, a sufficient number of complaints having brought about dismissal of the schoolmaster and mistress the village is up in arms by way of protest, and ninety per cent. of the school children have come out on strike; they march the country lanes with banner and flags flying, singing the school-songs taught them by their beloved mistress, with cards round their necks bearing the inscriptions, "We want our teachers back," and "Justice we Want!" Justice, my poor bairns! Aye, Justice we all want—and Justice we mean to have. Day after day, week after week, month after month; four months have passed, and not one child has returned to school—though the school bell has called them a hundred and fifty times to come in. They will go back, they say, when their teachers do. New teachers there are: but they are not the same to them; they want to know why the old ones have had to leave. The mothers are splendid! Twice summoned, the fine and the second doubled fine, have strengthened and encouraged them, and they are still more brave. Some day the whole story shall be told.

SWEATING IN THE POST OFFICE.

The mother of a girl telegraphist at a West End post office has complained that her wages are 12s. a week, and dinner and tea, which at the most generous estimate will bring the value of her weekly wage up to 17s. 6d. She works 65 hours a week so that she is paid a little more than 3¼d. an hour. The mother points out that under the Wages Board "the sweating dens of Whitechapel" are supposed to pay 3¼d. an hour to their women workers, and protests against the Government being allowed to pay less to women and girls who have passed telegraphy tests and are responsible for cash and postal orders amounting to hundreds of pounds.

Many people are still under the impression that wages cannot be raised by means of the Parliamentary vote, but, whoever may be old-fashioned enough to doubt it in ordinary cases, can scarcely do so where the Government is concerned. It is indeed time that women should have the Parliamentary vote, in order to force the Government to pay decent wages to the women it employs.

DISTRICT REPORTS.

BOW AND BROMLEY.

Organiser—Mrs. Ives.
Mrs. Bouvier, *pro. tem.*
321 Roman Road, Bow, E.

Helpers to sell at stall in Roman Road wanted on Fridays and Saturdays 11—1 and 6—11. The Junior Suffragettes Club members had a most enjoyable day on Bank Holiday at the Zoo. Many thanks to Miss Macdonnell who provided lunch, and to Mrs. Macdonnell who entertained them to tea in her garden. More male voices wanted at the Votes for Women Choir practices on Thursdays at 8, to enable us to learn part songs to sing at entertainments and meetings. Who will join the paper cart? Must be at 400 Old Ford Road at 12 p.m.

Dreadnoughts sold week ending Aug. 1st: Central 202. Bow and Bromley 710.

Mrs. Connell	160
Mrs. Payne	373
Miss Bennett	100

POPLAR.

Organiser—Miss Mary Paterson.
Office—319 East India Dock Road.

Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Schlette sold in Chrisp Street, Saturday night, and did well.

Miss Jacobs was the speaker at Wednesday night meeting and was much appreciated.

Two new members joined at Thursday afternoon meeting, when Mrs. Hicks spoke.

Members have already made some things for the sale of jumbles and useful winter clothes which we are holding in December, but we cannot have too much. Mrs. Hicks especially asks friends to send useful remnants and pieces of material—our members are willingly giving their time to make such pieces into good garments.

Members are ordering *Dreadnoughts* now from their newsagents, in order to get them to stock the paper.

Members are asked to join decorated cart each Saturday in August, beginning next Saturday, at 12 noon.

SOUTH WEST HAM.

Hon. Sec.—Mrs. Daisy Parsons,
94 Ravenscroft Road.

Miss Hicks spoke both at "Peacock" and also at Beckton Road, and 10 and 13 *Dreadnoughts* were sold at these open air meetings. On Thursday Mrs. Walshe gave an interesting speech on "Nursing," which was much appreciated. Miss Cook is in charge of canvassing party which starts at 3 p.m. every Wednesday from 124, Barking Road. More members invited to take part in this propaganda work as we are wanting a huge membership. Five new members are welcomed this week.

317 *Dreadnoughts* sold week ending Aug. 1

Canning Town. Dist. leader—Mrs. Millo, 1 Ravenscroft Rd. Distributors—Mrs. Tidmarsh and Mrs. Roper.

Plaistow. Dist. leaders—Mrs. Hawkins, 29 Beaufoy Rd. Distributors—Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Cook and Miss Putt.

Custom House. Dist. leader—Miss Leggett, 74 Chauntler Rd. Distributor—Mrs. B. Pullen.

Tidal Basin. Dist. leader—Miss Penn, 10 Brent Rd. Distributor—Miss Greenleaf.

Silvertown. Dist. leader—Miss G. Grimes, 27 Newland St. Distributors—Miss Nicholas and Miss Ivy Hall.

Miss Greenleaf sold 84 *Dreadnoughts*
Miss Penn „ 72 „
Mrs. D. Parsons „ 81 „

HACKNEY.

Secretary—Miss Young,
Greenwood Road, Dalston, N.E.

Devonshire Hall meeting a great success. A very hearty greeting was given to Miss Pankhurst. Thanks to all members and friends who helped in any way. We heartily welcome 7 new members. Canvassing has been started in the district and about 1,000 free copies of the *Dreadnought* have been distributed. More helpers are wanted for this work.

A Women's meeting will be held every Tuesday at 30 Churchill Road, Hackney, at 2.30 p.m. Meetings at Swiss Cottage, Lauriston Road, every Monday.

155 *Dreadnoughts* sold last week.

Waterfield, Lamb Lane, Hackney, now stocks the *Dreadnought*.

LIMEHOUSE.

Splendid indoor meeting for working women held at Deacon's Vestry, Burdett Road, on Thursday 30th. Many thanks to Mrs. Temple Bird for interesting and instructive address. A hearty welcome to 9 new members.

These meetings will be discontinued until the end of August. Members are asked to support the open air meeting at Coutts Road every Tuesday at 8 p.m.

CONTRASTS.

In the House of Commons on Monday, July 27th, Mr. Wedgwood asked the Home Secretary whether since those who had published incitements to Civil War in Ireland were still at liberty, he would advise the release of Mr. Drew the imprisoned printer of the *Suffragette*. Mr. McKenna said "no," but Mr. Wedgewood again pressed the point, urging that the incitements of the Ulster press had resulted in loss of human life. The Speaker, who is of course an anti-Suffragist, intervened with "Order, order, that statement is quite irrevalent." Mr Outhwaite then asked whether the Home Secretary would advise the King to invite Mr. Drew to a conference at Buckingham Palace. The Conservatives called out "Order!" and the Speaker said "The Honourable Member has no business to make offensive observations."

We print below one of Mr. W. W. Gibson's plays from "Daily Bread" [*Elkin Matthews*], a collection of one-act plays about the lives of working men and women. We can think of no better way of recommending Mr. Gibson's work to our readers.

SUMMER DAWN.

By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

Persons: Laban Carpenter, *a hind.*
Betty Carpenter, *his wife.*

Scene—Laban Carpenter's *cottage, before dawn.* Laban *still lies in bed, dozing; but his wife is already dressed, and is setting the kettle on a newly-lit fire. In the bed, beside* Laban, *is a six-months-old baby; and in another bed are five children, all under the age of seven; the boys sleeping at one end, the girls, at the other.*

B.: Come lad, get up, or we'll be late.
L.: So soon, lass! What o'clock is it?
Betty: It's getting on for three.
The fire is kindling famously.
I'll have the kettle boiling in a twinkling.
We'll have a cup of tea, before we start,
To keep the bitter chill out.
It's raw work, turning out these dewy mornings.
Laban: It seems but half-an-hour ago,
Since I lay down in bed.
B.: Nay, Laban, it was half-past ten,
At most, when you turned in.
You'd scarcely got your trousers off,
Before you dropt asleep;
And you were snoring like a pig
Until I turned you off your back.
'Twas nigh eleven when I got to bed.
Laban: I can't tell how you manage.
A man must have his sleep out,
If he's to do his day's work;
But women, somehow, seem . . . . .
B.: Come lad, don't lie there talking;
But stir yourself . . . . .
Laban: My back is nearly broken.
Betty: Aye, some folks' backs are broken easily.
Laban: You call it easily!
It's easy, hoeing turnips every night
Until it is too dark to see our feet;
And then to start again, at dawn:
And summer nights so short!
Betty: If summer nights were longer
Your children would go shoeless through the winter.
Laban: And still, it's heavy on a man,
As well as his day's work.
Betty: Have I no day's work too?
Your day's work will not keep you housed and fed—
You and your wife and children.
And if your father'd talked like that,
Lad, where would you be now?
He can have been no lie-abed;
He'd not a lazy bone in all his body.
You've heard him boast, a hundred times:
"Though I have had bad seasons,
I've not done far amiss,
Since I have reared eleven men and women."
Aye! and your mother crippled with rheumatics
For more than half her life-time:
And only him to do the house-work:
And see to all the lot of you,
And keep you decent, single-handed,
Until the girls were old enough,
As well as all his day's work.
You talk of day's work!
Why, I've heard him tell
How, once, to save the corn
He worked a week without a wink of sleep:
All day at his own job in Stobshill Mine,
And all night helping in the harvest field.
Laban: And then he slept . . . . .
Betty: He slept his fill;
But not till all was harvested.
He saved the corn.
Laban: Aye: somehow fathers . . . .
Betty: You're a father, too.
And should think shame to lie and grumble there;
And only be too glad that we are able
To earn a little extra in the summer
To tide us over winter.
Laban: True, wife, true:
And yet its hard that, in an honest day's work,
A strong man cannot earn enough
To keep his wife and family.
Betty: Twelve shillings won't go far,
With rents so high
And food, and clothes, and firing.
But I have naught to grumble at,
I only have six babes to feed:
My mother had thirteen;
And ten of us were born
After my father lost his sight
While blasting in the quarry.
And she'd three babes-in-arms at once—
The twins and Dick.
I've heard her say that, ere the boy was born,
While she lay sick in bed and near her time
Her two poor helpless babies at the bed-foot
Sat up, with big eyes, watching her,
As good as gold;
And she, poor woman, wondering
However she would nurse the three at once.
I cannot think how she got through at all;
But, when I used to ask her, she would answer:
"Aye looking back, you wonder how you managed;
"But, at the time, each single thing you do for them
"Makes you yourself so happy
"That you think nothing of it."
And mother had the truth of things.
And we're quite rich to her—
She'd hoe, a summer's day, for sixpence;
And spent her life's best years in picking stones.
She only had one holiday
That ever I heard tell of:
And that when she'd been married fourteen years
She went to see her cousin at theStell,
And rode both ways in Farmer Thomson's pig-cart
And ever afterwards she said
She couldn't tell why folks liked holidays,
Or why they need go seeking happiness
While they had homes to work in;
And that, for her part, she found little pleasure
In sitting still all day
In other people's houses, with cold legs
And idle, folded hands,
While there was darning to be done at home
And one's own hearth to sit by;
Though there was little sitting down for her
At any time at all.
She couldn't rest;
Up first, and last to bed;
I never saw her quiet, till the end.
She always hoped that death would find her working;
Her wish was granted her . . .
Death found her at the job she liked the best . . .
The clothes she washed that week were left for me to iron.
Aye, mother knew what hardship was,
And laboured day and night to rear her children.
Laban: Its ever children, children!
A woman slaves her very life away
To rear her children;
And they grow up and slave their lives away
To rear their children.
We little thought, lass, when we married!
Do you remember the fine summer-nights,
When first we walked together?
Ah, those were happy times!
We little thought . . .
Betty: You little thought;
I knew.
Yes, those were happy times;
No girl was ever happier than I was
When first I walked with you in Malden Meadows;
But I am happy now for all the difference.
Life was not over easy, even then:
They worked me sorely at the farm.
Though I was but a child.
On Monday mornings we were up at one
To get the washing through,
Before the day's work started.
I was'nt fifteen then; but I remember
The coastguards whistling to us
As they passed the lighted window,
On the cold black winter mornings.
And often I'd been working many hours
Before you turned out with your team.
I used to think that you went bravely, Laban,
Behind your dappled horses.
Laban: Aye! then I little knew—
I little knew that life was labour, labour,
And labour to the end.
I thought that there'd be ease somewhere. [*Rises and begins to dress.*]
Betty: If men will marry and have children
They must not look for ease.
Yet, husband, you'd not be a boy again,
Unwedded . . . .
L.: Nay! I could not do without you.
Betty: But you've too many children?
Too many hungry mouths to fill
Too many little feet to keep in leather!
And can you look upon them sleeping there,
(My father ne'er set eyes on me, poor fellow!)
And talk like that?
And is it Tommy you would be without?
You've had him longest; and perhaps you're tired . . . .
Laban: Nay, wife; he was the first;
And you were such a girl—just seventeen!
And I but two years older.
Do you remember, lass, how proud. . .
Betty: Or is it Nell who brings your bait to you?
Laban: She grows more like her mother every day.
Betty: It must be Robin, then,
That all the neighbours say takes after you.
Laban: He's got my temper, sure enough,
The little Turk!
Betty: Or Kit and Kate, the twins?
They're surely twice too much for you.
L: Folk say that never such a pair
Was seen in all the country side.
Betty: There's just the baby left
Poor little mite, so you're the one too many!
Laban: Come, Betty, come
Enough of teasing!
You know that I was only talking:
I'm ready now, for work.
Betty: The kettle's boiling. [*She makes the tea and fills two mugs.*]
Drink it up;
'Twill help to keep the chill out.
Laban: Aye; but its dank work, hoeing swedes at dawn.
Betty: The sun will soon be up.
Laban: The sun gets up a deal too soon for me.
B.: Nay; never rail against the sun,
I'd sooner, lad, be shut away from you,
Than from the sunshine, any day.
I'll never hear a word against the sun.

[*They take up their hoes from behind the door, give a last look at their sleeping children, and go out together into the dawn.*]

PERSECUTION AND REBELLION.

Mrs. Dacre Fox was re-arrested outside Buckingham Palace on July 30th, when attempting to deliver Mrs. Pankhurst's letter to the King.

On August 1st an explosion occurred in Lisburn Cathedral, damage being done both to the wall and to a valuable stained glass window at the east end of the cathedral.

Mrs. Metge, Miss Dorothy Evans, Miss Joan Wickham, and Miss Carson, were arrested on August 1st, on a charge of causing an explosion in Lisburn Cathedral. They were released on bail. Mrs. Higginson, sentenced at the visit of the Deputation to the King, was re-arrested on July 29th and released four days later after a hunger and thirst strike.

Miss Gertrude Francis was released on bail on July 27th after two days hunger and thirst strike.

On July 29th a race-stand near Belfast was destroyed a few hours before a race meeting. The damage was estimated at £750 and the building was insured only to the value of £400.

On August 1st, the Pier Pavillion at Colwyn Bay was partly burnt but the fire was put out before it got a firm hold on the building.

WOMEN'S HALL

Sunday, August 9th,
— at 8 p.m. —

Miss SYLVIA PANKHURST
Miss GEORGINA BRACKENBURY
Mrs. DRAKE

Dr. Thomas, the Medical Officer of Health for Finsbury, gives the following list of wages paid to home-working mothers:—

Box-making for toothpicks—1s. 6d. per gross; Box-making for laces—1s. 9d. per gross; Book-folding—10d. per 1,000 sheets; Blouse-making—3s. per dozen blouses; Tie-making—5d. and 6d. per dozen ties; Mantle-making—7d. each; Making knickerbockers—1½d. each; Making one-pint paper bags—6d. per 1,000; Putting 20 Press Studs on a card—5d. per gross cards; Sewing leather ends on braces—5d. per six dozen.

These are the women whom anti-Suffragists are supposed to be wishing to shelter from the turmoil of political life. Suffragettes wish to give these women power to improve the conditions under which they live.

O Beautiful human life!
Tears come in my eyes as I think of it. So Beautiful, so inexpressively Beautiful! . . How willingly would I strew the paths of all with flowers: How beautiful a delight to make the world joyous! The song should never be silent, the dance never still, the laugh should sound like water which runs for ever.—

"The Story of my Heart."

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